

# Richmond Times-Dispatch

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MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1915.

## Cotton—And Other Crops

WHY become absolutely heart-broken when cotton fails? There are other crops. Through a great section the failure of cotton, through war embargo or other extraordinary conditions, causes a great deal of financial distress, but it is cheering to turn from that fact to a statement in the Manufacturers' Record. It is there shown that other crops and outputs of the South, combined, figure seven times the value of cotton. The value of diversified agricultural products of the South alone last year was \$2,591,057,700, as against cotton, \$1,041,370,000, or two and one-half times the value of cotton.

And, as a sidelight on cotton and money in the South, it is interesting to note that fifty alleged night-riders have been rounded up in Oklahoma, where, by violence even to murder, these enemies of law and order sought to hold cotton at 10 cents, cotton seed at \$16 a ton, and to cut next year's cotton acreage 50 per cent.

## Protect the American Passport

IF the man arrested in New York and Philadelphia on the charge of supplying American passports to belligerents, for the purpose of enabling those men to rejoin the army of their native land, or like Hans Lody, to do the work of spies in the enemy's country, are found guilty, they deserve exemplary punishment.

The passport issued to an American citizen is a badge of honor as well as a shield against attack. That it should be used by some person other than the man to whom it was issued in the prosecution of activities condemned by the rules of war is abominable.

The State Department, since it became aware of these misuses of passports, has been exceedingly careful in issuing them. That care should not be lessened. The American passport will become rather worse than meaningless if it is used with any frequency to cloak the operations of a spy.

## Real Good in Immigration Measure

INSISTENCE by Congress on retention of the so-called "literacy test" in the immigration bill now pending is expected to result in the measure's veto by President Wilson. Leaving the literacy test out of consideration, that would be an unfortunate fate to befall an otherwise admirable piece of legislation.

As to the test itself, there is wide divergence of opinion. In itself, of course, it means little in the direction of wise restriction, for it might serve to bar very desirable immigrants and admit very undesirable ones. A capacity to read and write, or the lack of it, is not conclusive of the elements of good citizenship.

The bill, however, provides needed changes in existing laws. It will permit the diversion of a large share of the immigration from the port of New York to other ports, and thus diminish the congestion, with its accompanying hardships, that has existed at Ellis Island. It contemplates an improved inspection service, that will have real efficacy and meaning. It has, indeed, many desirable features, which generally are lost sight of in the controversy over one of its sections.

## Seeking to Reform Expert Testimony

IT will be a great relief to the public at large, not to speak of the tired brains of puzzled juries, when the committee of eminent lawyers and doctors now at work on the problem concludes its labors and induces national and State Legislatures to put an end to the folly and scandal of expert testimony, which at present disgraces our whole judicial system.

The personnel of the committee gives promise of wise recommendations, that certainly will be entitled to careful consideration. The committee includes Judge Albert C. Barnes, of Chicago; Dean William E. Mikel, of the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Adolf Meyer, of Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston, and others of like caliber. If it can ring down the final curtain on the stately farce that goes on in American courtrooms every time a rich man is accused of crime or leaves a debatable testament, it will have deserved the country's plaudits and a very respectable niche in the temple of fame.

Perhaps it is not quite possible to induce respected members of the medical profession, in their expert capacity, to swear to anything, but no one can remember a case of the character indicated above where equally eminent practitioners have not lent the weight of their personal and professional standing to directly contrary and mutually irreconcilable opinions.

Of course, the good doctors believe what they say. The fact is, however, that after they have been retained by one side or the other to a pending controversy they lose the rightful character of witnesses, and become as devoted partisans as the lawyers who are conducting the case. Retained for

the express purpose of establishing a given proposition, they function mentally like the rest of us—and proceed to establish it. "There is as much human nature in one man as there is in another—if not more so," says David Harum, and doctors, probably, are not very different from other members of the human race. Not as expert witnesses, certainly, for handwriting sharks and analytical chemists and engineers of all degrees and kinds—even actors and dressmakers—behave in exactly the same way when they are placed on the stand and called on to declare an opinion as to some matter involving their vocations in life.

But what of the poor fellow in the jury box, while all this amiable wrangling goes on before his eyes? What does he deduce from this welter of hypothetical question and still more hypothetical answer? Who is going to unscramble his brains? Where, to descend for a moment to the language of the paves, does he get off?

Well, like "the poor benighted Hindoo," he does the best he kin do—"throws the whole mass of expert testimony out of the jury-room window and proceeds to decide the issue on some such vital point as the shape of the prosecuting attorney's nose or the beauty, charm and childlike innocence of the star female witness for the defense.

They arrange these matters somewhat better in France, despite our Anglo-Saxon sneers at the vagaries of French jurisprudence. There the experts are retained by the state, and owe no allegiance save to impartiality and truth. It is not too much to say that these divinites are far better served and the cause of justice far more clearly advanced by the French brand of expert testimony than by the American.

## Possibility of Sakhalin's Cession

RUSSIA'S cession to Japan of the northern half of the Island of Sakhalin has been denied by the Japanese ambassador to the United States, but the report excited wide interest. Originally it was that the territory had been exchanged "for some heavy guns," which was obviously equivalent to the "one dollar" which is used in commercial transactions to represent the consideration given for a transfer of title when it is not desired to state the actual price.

Sakhalin was wholly Russian until 1905, in which year the southern half was ceded to Japan by the treaty of Portsmouth. Russia is reputed to have received a large annual revenue from its part of the island, so it is certain that Japan, should she acquire this territory, would pay a good deal more than a few pieces of artillery.

If we are to see the Mikado's armed forces take a more active participation in the war on the side of Russia and its allies, there will be an outcry from the Teutons and some discomfort among their enemies, particularly if Japanese troops are brought into the European fighting. That prospect has already created uneasiness in England and France, where it is felt that at the close of a war made victorious with the active and general assistance of Japan, that country could and would demand compensation which it might be very disagreeable and inconvenient to grant.

As it stands, Japan has already become the one positive gainer by the war among the Europeans. It is in undisputed possession of Tsingtau, it now owns half the valuable Island of Sakhalin, and may get the rest, and is in at least temporary occupation of what were heretofore German possessions in the Pacific Ocean. That the close of the war will see Japan's ascendancy in Asia confirmed and solidified is one of the few safe predictions as to the outcome of the conflict.

## The Unwritten Law

A BUSINESS man of Alford, Tenn., has just been acquitted on a charge of murder, under the unwritten law. A man in an Eastern State, who brutally shot his unwelcome son-in-law, was acquitted a short time ago on the same ground of popular sympathy. It happens every now and then that when braulism won't do, as in the case of Thaw, the unwritten law comes in very handy. If there is to be a revival of the old-fashioned plea in extenuation, it might be well to write the law into the statutes once and for all, and have something defined by which a court may be governed.

As the unwritten law stands to-day, it is merely a question of disposition on the part of the jurymen. There is no definition of what a man may or may not do with a gun, if he can offer the most remote appearance of justification in that his home has been invaded. The law ought to justify what the jury is to recognize. Nothing should be left to the discretion of individuals with prejudices and human limitations. Homicide for such a cause should be defined as killing in self-defense is defined, so that the jury might be able to say from the evidence whether in each particular case the offense was of such character as to exempt the defendant from moral responsibility for his act.

Put it in the law. Have the law say just how far this is a peculiar kind of assault, and just what must be shown before the shooting is justified by the offense. The unwritten law is too often a farce and a pretense, a cloak for real criminality. It constitutes an ambiguity that ought to be cleared up.

The Irish Fellowship Club of Chicago, which turned down an application for the privilege of airing his alleged grievances from the negro, Trotter, who last made himself conspicuous by insulting the President of the United States, shows that it possesses a sense of propriety as well as discretion.

Stories of exchange of tobacco and newspapers by French and German soldiers, facing each other in trenches but a few yards apart, are reminiscent of similar exchanges by Johnny Reb and Yank, back in the days of '64.

General Villa says he does whatever Provisional President Gutierrez tells him to do. And the Provisional President probably returns the compliment.

Richmond doesn't care how uncomfortable the police make the life of the peddlers of cocaine and similar drugs. But wouldn't it be fine to land behind the bars a few of the men higher up?

It would be pleasant if the agitation for new franchises and revised rates for electric current would make it possible for the householder to light up at less expense.

Along with the other good resolutions, why not resolve to help out the work of the Associated Charities—and then carry that resolution into effect?

Don't do your resolution-breaking early. Wait a week or two, anyhow.

The dum dum bullet charges begin to sound a good deal like rumrum.

## SONGS AND SAWS

**'They Get It, All Right.**  
Observe the poor fellow.  
How he slaves all the day  
To see that the "dear people"  
Get all that comes their way.

But keep on watching closely  
For what the "people" win—  
You'll find that where they get it  
Is just below the chin.

**Economy.**  
Young Bride—Do you still love me as much as you promised you would?  
Good Business Man—Well, almost. You see, I always discount my obligations.

**An Intelligent Animal.**  
Mr. Backtothesoil, the gentleman farmer of Pigeon Roost, has a cow that is his constant companion. The cow's intelligence is remarkable, and she recognizes so accurately the kind and degree of her owner's agricultural knowledge that it is only with great difficulty that she can be induced not to graze on him.

**Similarity.**  
Stubbs—Why is a lattered reputation like a porous plaster?  
Grubbs—Because, I suppose, "it sticketh closer than a brother."  
Stubbs—Not at all. Because it has holes in it.

**The Pessimist Says:**  
I never did think much of this season just after the holidays. This business of paying Christmas bills, keeping New Year resolutions and trying to settle down to routine existence all at the same time, is more than ordinary flesh and blood can stand.

**Cheap Amusement.**  
The meanest man in our town is Mr. Archimedes Brown; He will not buy theatre seats, but still enjoys athletic feats, So leaves his sidewalk cases in ice And laughs as others pay the price.

THE TATTLER.

## Chats With Virginia Editors

Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch: "Quite a rustling in turning over of these new leaves." Consulting, too, the reflection that there is always a fresh, new leaf ahead ready for the turning.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new," and especially "Ring out the false, ring in the true," the Bristol Herald-Courier sings. "Ring out the old, ring in the new," has only application to the allegoric bells. The funny paragrapher will ring in the same old chestnuts still, the jests that Time never quells.

The West Point Sun makes note of the fact that "President Yuan Shi Kai has written a soldier's song which is being set to music for China's new model army. The purpose is to embody in the simplest and most attractive way the salient ideas of soldierly conduct." The shrewdest of the Celestial politicians makes clear just how he feels about it. Let Yuan Shi Kai write the songs of a nation and he cares not who fights its battles.

Editor Harry Flood Byrd writes unblushingly in his Winchester Star: "Old Bill Eads, evidently affected by the cheerfulness of the holiday season, rises up and remarks, on the front page of the Wise County News that a wise man never asks for a kiss until after he has taken it. In which William displays an almost uncanny knowledge of feminine human nature. There are those unkind enough to say that the only way old Bill could get a kiss was to steal it unbeknownst. But we pay no attention to such foolish prattle. Bill kisses first and asks afterward as a concession to the feminine point of view." Which throws a new light on the subject. Colonel Eads has been always frankly a jovial fellow and a votary of song. But he never yet "fessed up" to the tricolored veil with which Mr. Byrd now invests him.

Says the Petersburg Index-Appal: "Charles Edward Russell declares the United States will have to fight Japan after the present war ends because Japan will not give up the Province of Kiauchau, China, which she took from the Germans, and the Island of Yap and the Marshall archipelago, likewise German possessions taken by the Japanese." So far as the Island of Yap is involved, Uncle Sam needn't worry. There is the O'Keefe family to be reckoned with. Charles Edward should know that King O'Keefe, who died a few years ago on the island where he ruled twenty years, is survived by multitudinous kin living on the Massachusetts coast. The O'Keefe was the sole survivor of the crew of a New Bedford whaler that went down in a storm at sea. He swam ashore, met the natives, declared himself against the government, and, when he learned there was no government, he established himself as it. His reign was long and happy. He taught the natives many things, chief among which was to recognize that the island belonged to him. There are more like him among the Massachusetts O'Keefes. Japan should worry.

## Current Editorial Comment

**One Jingo Scare Is Banished**  
The refusal of the Japanese Diet to pass the budget, which provided for large military expansion is a loss to the Jingo element in this country, which has used Japan as a standing scarecrow. Of course, if the Diet had passed the budget, it would have had no reference to the United States. It would have been inspired solely by the Japanese desire to increase her weight in the European struggle with a sole view to enlarge her importance on the mainland of Asia, to which her ambitions are directed. But that would have made no difference to our Jinkoes, who see in every new Japanese regiment a threat to our Pacific coast. But with the action of the Diet the pretense that sort is robbed of foundation. It is an exhibit of the Japanese desire for peace and economy. That sentiment is entirely inconsistent with carrying on war across the Pacific Ocean, an enterprise for which Japanese history shows no ambition. There is no longer any pretext for parading the Japanese bugaboo to support big appropriation bills. But that does not mean that it will not be paraded.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**Japanese in the Great War**  
Of Japanese participation in the war in Europe there are persistent rumors. It is said that an expeditionary force of 250,000 soldiers, who had been dispatched by the Mikado to help settle the Russo-Japanese dispute, are now in the hands of the Japanese government to support big appropriation bills. But that does not mean that it will not be paraded.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The rumors are probably without foundation, but they are less amazing than some of the conditions which have been suggested. It has been claimed that Japan would demand, as the price of her participation, permanent possession of the city of Hamburg and its port. Such a concession would be almost precisely similar to the concessions which the European powers—including Germany—have taken in the Far East. Kiauchau, Weihaiwei, Port Arthur and the French holdings in Southern China are instances for Japan to take possession of a little holding anywhere in Europe would amount practically to an admission of Japan's superiority to the European powers. This is, of course, absolutely unthinkable, and the Hamburg story is ludicrous. It is, however, difficult to understand the opposition of such a statesman as Hanotaux to Japanese participation. The French have their brown Turcos, and have welcomed the Indian soldiers of Great Britain on French soil. The Japanese approach more nearly the European standard than any other of these. The fear that Japan would obtain a foothold in Europe is puerile, and any other objection is illogical. It is extremely improbable that a single Japanese regiment will be sent to Europe, but if the Japs do come, they will, in all likelihood, go to the aid of the Russians, instead of helping the French. It would be a comparatively simple matter to transport Japanese troops over the Trans-Siberian Railway to Russia, and thence to Poland or Prussia. Japanese and Russians, opponents in one of the deadliest of wars, fighting side by side, would present an amazing spectacle—far more amazing than the fraternizing of the traditional enemies, France and England.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The European war has built a wall of protection around American industries higher than anything the most extreme tariff advocates would dare to erect. We need not have confidence, in our nervousness or dilatoriness or hyper-conservatism, we let it slip by, we shall be branded as a nation of commercial cowards. Let us take our finger off our pulse, stop sticking out our tongue to every self-appointed stock market health officer that comes around, and then just saw wood. American business does not need prescriptions and a diet table, but a spell of good hard work, in which every muscle of the mind and body is given healthy exercise.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond Dispatch, Jan. 4, 1865.)

A very considerable amount of cannonading was heard in the direction of Dutch Gap yesterday. The Confederate batteries, perhaps, celebrating the return of Butler to his canal, which never is, but always is to be, finished.

With the exception of some cannonading about Dutch Gap, nothing was doing on the lines below Richmond yesterday. It was also a dull and do-nothing kind of a day on the Petersburg lines.

General Butler must hurry his canal to completion, that the shouting over the culmination of the long-expected event may drown the clamor that his failure to take Fort Fisher has raised.

There is nothing in the way of news from Wilmington. Since the retreat of the Porter expedition affairs have resumed their wonted course and in about that seaport.

The Legislature of South Carolina has been called in extra session, by the proclamation of the governor, to take action in regard to the threatened invasion of that State by Sherman. By a vote of the body that was almost unanimous, it has been declared that all white men between the ages of sixteen and sixty years, not already in the Confederate military service, shall be liable to such duty to the end that the invasion of Sherman may be checked and defeated.

General Robert Ransom has been relieved of the command at Charleston because of ill health, and he has been succeeded by General Taliaferro.

On the 2d instant Samuel H. Taylor, of the Richmond Blues, Forty-sixth Virginia Regiment, was killed on the fortifications. His funeral will take place this afternoon from the First Baptist Church.

The long-looked-for official dispatches from General Hood have not yet reached the War Department.

According to the Washington Chronicle, the latest Northern paper to reach us, gold continues to advance in New York. At last accounts it had gone to 230.

## Queries and Answers

**Verses Wanted.**  
Please publish the poem, "My Madonna," E. S. A.  
Will some reader kindly send copy?

**Vienna German.**  
Is the language of the people in Vienna the same German as that spoken in Berlin? J. J. W.

**Summer Schools.**  
To whom should application be made for work in the summer schools in Virginia? S.  
You may get full information by writing the Department of Public Instruction, Chamber of Commerce, Richmond, Va.

**Irish Potatoes.**  
What is the legal weight of a bushel of Irish potatoes? W. E. W.  
Fifty-six pounds.

**State Highway.**  
Have the makers of the State highway the right to damage my property in the construction of the road? T. R. SACRA.  
Certainly not. Your Circuit Court will give you the proper remedy.

**Stephen O. Southall.**  
Please inform me when Stephen O. Southall began his law course at the University of Virginia. I was a student in his class, and desire to fix the date of the first lecture. T. R. R.  
The opening lecture was delivered October 4, 1866.

**Vocational Schools.**  
Where may one secure matter for discussion of the advantages of vocational schools? MISS D. P.

The office of the Superintendent of City Schools is well supplied with this matter in bulletins and pamphlets, etc., and will be able to suggest interesting and valuable "points."

**Virginia Poets.**  
Please give the names of the Virginia poets. A. E. M.

J. A. Bartley, T. B. Bradley, Daniel Bryan, C. W. Coleman, P. P. Cooke, Richard Dabney, Mary H. Eastman, John Finley, Lamar Fontaine, A. C. Gordon, J. E. Hatcher, W. H. Holcombe, J. B. Hope, Mrs. Cornelia Jordan, J. C. McCabe, Frances H. Marr, William Munford, J. W. Over-all, Edgar A. Poe, Mrs. Margaret Preston, Inna Randolph, John Robertson, George Sandys, Conrad Speers, H. T. Stanton, John R. Thompson, St. George Tucker, Mary Uphur, Susan Archer Weiss, Henry Bedinger, William Branch, St. Leger Landon Carter, W. P. Carter, R. T. W. Duke, E. S. Gregory, Hiram Haines, A. S. Kieffer, Virginia Lee, H. L. Lytle, Marie A. Pollard, J. H. Salyards, Thomas Semmes, You may, of course, miss some whom you would have included and see some whom you would have left out.

## The Bright Side of Life

**Too Much for Her.**  
"Mother, where are Helicon and Parnassus?"  
"Ask your father, Johnnie; he keeps up with the war news."—Life.

**Discouraging.**  
"Penley used to think his poems were immortal."  
"The editors killed so many of them."—Boston Transcript.

**A Little Mixed.**  
"Where did you go in the theatre, Mrs. Comeup?"

"We sat in the mezzotint boxes, but the girls preferred seats in the parakeet."—Baltimore American.

**Some Cheer.**  
"This war is a terrible thing; isn't it?"  
"Perfectly dreadful, but you don't have to keep explaining to people of your set why you are not in Paris."—Puck.

**Reforming Others.**  
"I made a lot of resolutions last year."  
"And kept 'em all?"

"Every one of them. The only thing I can do now is to think up resolutions for other people and try to have them enacted into laws."—Washington Star.

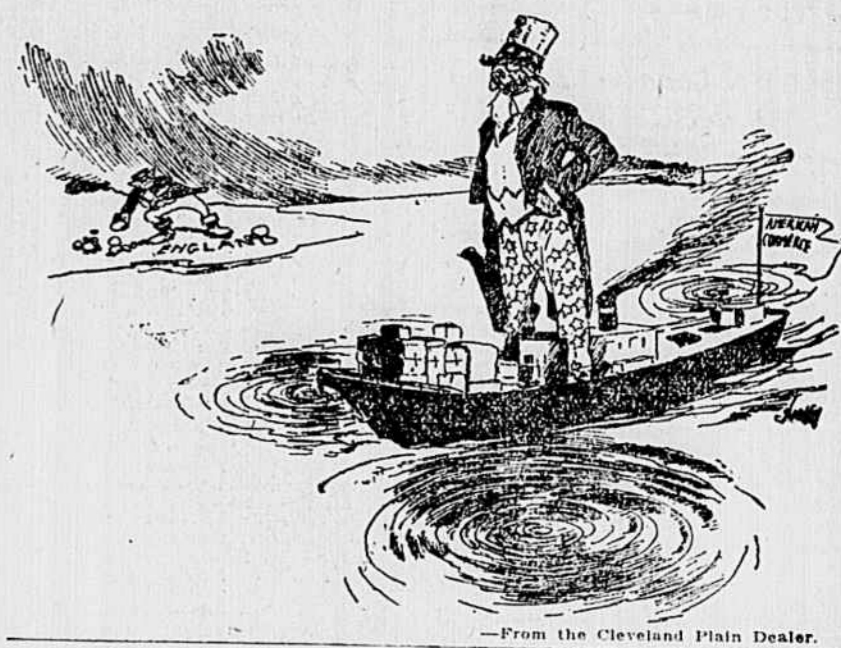
**Longing.**  
"Sometimes," said Mr. Growcher, "I wish I were a boy again."

"You wish to share in the innocent pastimes of youth?"

"Not exactly. I'd like to be able to go out and handle some of these youngsters who throw snowballs without looking so undignified."—Washington Star.

## "Better Be a Little Careful, John"

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE WORLD'S LONG DEBT TO ITALY

Robert Herrick, the Novelist, in the Kansas City Star.

The attraction Latin civilization has for the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon has long been a curious fact of history. The Germans especially seem unable to resist the temptation of the Latin honey pots. It is easy to see why. One notices everything the gray-haired Teuton lacks in physical beauty, in gaiety and grace of spirit, in art and the secret of living, the South possesses abundantly. Across the frozen passes of the Alps Italy has laid, tempting with her green plains, her stunted cities, her vineyards and olive orchards, her fretted seacoast and "wine dark" sea, with all the romance of her ancient, peopled past, her ruins and her treasures of art. Over all for many months of the year a sentimental sun in a cloudless sky has shone, drawing from the rich earth a luxuriant beauty. No wonder that the German bear has lusted after the sunnier clime than for France, and time and again since the Roman empire began to crumble has descended in force upon this blooming, seductive land. Latterly these invasions have been peaceful ones—only soldiers, hordes of German tourists, scholars and artists with their women in gray-green German clothes, stout hobnailed shoes and knickerbockers, have clumped through the galleries, drunk their beer on the Venetian piazzas and poked their way exultingly through the narrow Roman streets. It is the same old story, the desire of honey from Italy's honey pot.

Friendship With England. The English greed of Italy has been no less remarkable, though more peaceable. There has long been a traditional friendship between the two countries, symbolized at times by intermarriages. For English literature Italy has been even more necessary than France. What with her prodigious borrowings of plot and scene from the Renaissance on, it might be said that English literature would have gone bankrupt had it not been for Italy. And Italy has been the second home of many English poets, from Tilton to Keats and Shelley, from Landor to Byron and the two Brownings. Sculptors and musicians, painters and historians, as well as the omnipresent "mad anglers," all have made their homes in the pleasant places of this land. Their villas star the hills about the Arno, their memories haunt the canals of Venice and the dark palaces of Rome.

Then there are the hordes of mere travelers and idle expatriates who from the eighteenth century on have infested Italy from the north to the south. These came thither first in postchaises, leisurely and richly, for long sojourns, thus completing "the grand tour" by a visit to the "historical monuments of Italy." Now they scuttle over the fair land in droves by train or motorcar, and for but a few days or a month, and of those many, perhaps most, are Americans.

Why Moderns Love Italy. There are many obvious reasons why we moderns love Italy. Italy, why the wanderer thinks first of this goal. It is the seat of the oldest Christian church and the most powerful one. It contains almost all that has been left to us of the emperors, poets, etc., so that not a corner of its surface is without poignant memories. But it is not for such things that people flock to a country as they overrun Italy. Scholars and sentimentalists, the "cultured," may care for Italy, but the rest of us, not the artist, nor the globe trotter, the idler, in search of pleasant places in which to invite his soul.

It is beauty that draws us thither and makes Italy the most popular of lands, as long as life endures and men hunger for something more satisfying than mere existence. And beauty of an infinite variety Italy holds more abundantly than any other land. There are more of the "wonders of the world" elsewhere, grander mountains, larger rivers, bigger forests, bolder seascapes; but nowhere else can such beautiful and harmonious nature be found as from the lakes beneath the Alps to the circling bay of Naples and southward even to the Sicilian shores.

And this is not a savage nature, isolated, remote, but a nature so humanized by the hand of man that the ghosts of its departed lovers seem to linger on in each spot. Its soil has been tilled to the rocky hilltops, even to the black lava line of Vesuvius and Etna, and the fertile fields of to-day just cover lovingly the dead remains of a long past. Nowhere has man and his great mother earth been so intimately mingled. Small wonder, then, that men born in harsher lands have always hungered for Italy, which holds so much that we dream our earth should be in beauty and abundance. That would seem enough!

Art Still Supreme. But, no, there is that other beauty of art in which Italy, terribly robbed and abused as she has been, is still supremely rich. Marble and canvas and building, she has them all in this most perfect example of art in this land they do not seem remote treasures stored up in gloomy caverns for safekeeping as with us. Many of the best of her "monuments" are still placed in their own background. The Roman Forum is the loveliest museum in all the world, with the olives on the Capitoline, dark medieval towers and Roman arches still guarding it. There all ages touch hands.

Even when the single specimens of her art have been tenderly gathered up and placed in shelter it is not a repellent modern museum that holds them, but an ancient palace, the Pitti or Roman baths or galleries built long ago, like the Vatican. Thus, all artifice seems removed; art makes its appeal to us as it should, directly for its intrinsic message of beauty, not as a historical example pedantically labeled and catalogued. It is human to abhor the torture of visiting galleries and museums where are housed

in tiers thousands of precious objects torn from their natural sites, their intentions lost. But in Italy one does not suffer from this museum torture.

One sees a bronze horseman, where he was first placed, steps from the dusk of a little church that has a faded altar piece directly into the piazza and the life of the people it depicts, looks from the gallery window down into a fragrant garden upon a bubbling fountain surrounded by weathered marble. It is all of a piece. Art and life are never far removed in Italy, as they never should be—but, as with us, they almost always are. One turns with ease and reality from life to art, from art to life. Each supplements and completes the other. That is why men love Italy above all countries they have known. It is one, and all beautiful.

Succession of Beauties. And so it is not nature, not art abstractly, that one remembers of Italy; it is a succession of fine sensations, beautiful moments that merge into a dream—a palace here, a garden there, a stately tree, the Piazzetta, the crowded bridge across the Arno, the noble reach of the Campanile. All these things are still used; they have a magic thus which comes of the mysterious union of beauty and life. And the people who use them retain something of the spirit of their ancestors, who created them, at least a love for beauty. These modern Italians are living their lives perhaps vulgarly, as we live ours, stilling themselves into their ancient homes, offering up a robust bad taste. But they themselves are still vital, living, beautiful—a strong race. Italy would be empty, without the soft reverberant note of its own people, whom it remote past, promising a vivid future.

Thus it comes that Italy is the haunt of all those who hunger for beauty, to whom beauty means more than superficial units, more than wealth and efficiency and comfort, more than learning or statesmanship—to them it means the complete life—life as it should be.

The Latin peoples cannot be conquered—they may be overrun. Again and again this has been proved. The Latin conquers his conquerors, absorbs them, teaches them, because the Latin—French or Italian—possesses these priceless things of the spirit—joy and beauty. It is easy enough to enslave, to speak of them, ignorantly, as decadent peoples, to assume a superiority of "kultur" because of a superiority of force, or even, the things of the spirit ultimately conquer for the reason that the very men who seek to destroy them in turn submit to the sway and become their votaries. Thus, should France be overthrown, should Italy, in spite of her prudish, resolute, be drawn into the present maelstrom of greeds and hates, nevertheless ultimately the Latin would triumph, by the charm and the power of his spirit, by his capacity for beauty and joy.

But will the time never come when the stronger nations are willing to admit our human obligations to these things of the spirit? When they will not weigh the worth of life in terms of gold and soldiers, but by the intangible satisfactions that endure? If such a serene point were ever attained, the Latin nations would be protected from the envy and the rapacity of their coarser neighbors. In their rage they would be set apart for the delight of mankind in a spirit of gratitude to those who have given so much to all of our world. For our debt both to France and to Italy is immense, unpayable.